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SPIRITUAL SONGS

J. N. DARBY

STOW HILL BIBLE AND TRACT DEPOT
5 FIFE ROAD KINGSTON-ON-THAMES

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PREFACE

THE spiritual value of these hymns by J. N. Darby is such that they are worthy of the prayerful and meditative consideration of every lover of our Lord Jesus Christ. Mr. Darby's own remark as to them was : " They are real. They are not composed ; perhaps one."

Writing of hymns, Mr. Darby says, " We have the positive direction of Scripture to speak to one another in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs ; but [these] mean compositions rhythmically and metrically arranged ; so that I judge the use of such compositions is scripturally authorised. I would add that I think the spiritual mind will detect at once what is really given of the Spirit in such compositions and what is not, even when merely added to make up the measure or rhyme.

" ' Teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and hymns, and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your heart to the Lord.' It enters into the affections, because

that is the character of hymns and spiritual songs. It is not so much knowledge written down like a sermon, but it is where the heart answers in its affections to the revelation of Christ; perhaps something that I have heard in a meeting when Christ has been unfolded: it is the Holy Ghost raising up the affections in answer to the revelation of Christ. Then there is the expression of the heart that has received it in the affections of the new man, answering to this in the praise and adoration that it produces. It may not be the reproduction of the same ideas, but it is the adoration of the heart that is drawn out towards the Person that has been revealed."

How truly these hymns accord with what was in Mr. Darby's own mind on the subject will be readily discerned by those who read them in a prayerful spirit, and it is desired that they may serve to develop the affections of the people of God towards our God and our Lord Jesus Christ. This was Mr. Darby's own desire as expressed in a letter only two months before his departure

to be with Christ. The letter is dated February 1882 and reads :

"It is a great thing to have developed affections. Some are much more demonstrative than others, but it is not merely this, but the development of the affections themselves within, by what is in the Object of them. Still it comes to my mind that it is a great thing to have concentrated affections, Christ forming them, so that in having Him in our hearts, we may know what is in His ; and what a blessing that is. I get at His heart, and know what is there, and that there is that personal affection there. And after all He loves us personally ; but He loves us perfectly in this, that whatever He enjoys He brings us into the enjoyment of. That chapter (John 17) is greatly the expression of it, as putting us in the same place as He is in Himself. But we must know Him to know what His love is ; and it will suffice for ever. But this joy in His love, which is to us known to be unchangeable, is by the Holy Ghost."

" Ye have not chosen Me, but I have chosen you, and ordained you, that ye should go and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should remain."—John 15 : 16.

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THE CALL

[1832]

WHAT powerful, mighty Voice, so near,
Calls me from earth apart—
Reaches, with tones so still, so clear,
From th' unseen world, my heart?

'Tis solemn, yet it draws with power
And sweetness yet unknown;
It speaks the language of an hour
When earth's for ever gone.

It soothes, yet solemnizes all;
What yet of nature is
Lies silent, through the heavenly call;
No earthly voice like this!

'Tis His. Yes, yes; no other sound
Could move my heart like this;
The voice of Him that earlier bound
Through grace that heart to His—

In other accents now, 'tis true,
Than once my spirit woke,
To life and peace, through which it grew
Under His gracious yoke.

Blest Lord, Thou speak'st! 'Twas erst Thy voice
That led my heart to Thee;
That drew me to that better choice
Where grace has set me free.

Then would'st Thou that I should rejoice,
And walk by faith below;
Enough, that I had heard Thy voice,
And learnt Thy love's deep woe—

Thy glory, Lord. This living waste
Thenceforth no rest could give;
My path was on with earnest haste,
Lord, in Thy rest to live.

Yes, then 'twas faith—Thy word; but now
Thyself my soul draw'st nigh,
My soul with nearer thoughts to bow
Of brighter worlds on high.

And oh ! how all that eye can see
To others now belongs !
The eternal home's so nigh to me—
My soul's eternal songs.

For Thou art near ; Thou call'st me now
In love I long have known,
While waiting on Thy will below,
Till Thou my hopes should'st crown.

And Thou would'st have me soon with Thee ;
Thou, Lord, my portion art ;
Thou hast revealed Thyself to me—
Thy nature to my heart.

My happiness, O Lord, with Thee
Is long laid up in store,
For that bless'd day when Thee I'd see,
And conflict all be o'er.

Yes, love divine in Thee I know ;
The Father's glories soon
Shall burst upon my ravished view—
Thyself my eternal crown !

Thou mak'st me brighter hopes to prove,
  Because Thou nearer art;
With secrets of eternal love
  Thou fill'st my longing heart.

How shall I leave Thee, Lord? This joy
  Is from Thyself; it is
My brightest hope without alloy,
  My pure, eternal bliss.

With Thee, O Lord, I all things have—
  Unclouded joy divine
In Thee, who first these "all things" gave
  For ever to be mine.

Yet I will wait, in labour still
  In Thy blest service here;
What Thou hast given me to fulfil—
  Thy will—to me is dear.

"It is my meat to do the will of Him I serve; and I am glad to know it, because it is His—glad He has deigned to communicate it to me—glad to have it perfect as He gives it."—J.N.D.

I well can wait! Thou waitest yet
The word of that dread hour,
Which shall Thy foes for ever set
As footstool of Thy power.

Yet, Lord, were once Thy will fulfilled,
How better far with Thee,
With Thee, my joy, my strength, my shield,
In cloudless light to be.

O endless joy! how shall my heart
Thy riches all unfold,
Or tell the grace that gave me part
In bliss no tongue hath told?

Lord, let me wait for Thee alone;
My life be only this—
To serve Thee here on earth, unknown;
Then share Thy heavenly bliss.

. . . . .

Lord, be it soon! Thou know'st our heart,
In this sad world, no rest
Can find nor wish but where Thou art—
That rest itself possessed!

Soon shall we see Thee as Thou art,
O hope for ever blessed!
Thou'lt call us, in our heavenly part—
The Father's house—to rest.

O rest ineffable, divine,
The rest of God above,
Where Thou for ever shalt be mine;
My joy, eternal love!

His counsels, all, fulfilled in Thee;
His work of love complete;
And heavenly hosts shall rest, to see
Earth blest beneath Thy feet!

THE ENDLESS SONG

[1835]

OH! the joy of the salvation
We possess around the throne!
Countless thoughts of admiration,
Mingling, leave that joy but one.

Hark! Ten thousand voices crying
"Lamb of God!" with one accord;
Thousand thousand saints replying—
Bursts at once the echoing chord.

Long, with free and glad devotion,
Universal praise prevails;
Till, blest fruit of deep emotion,
Voice by voice in silence fails.

Now, in wondrous adoration
Dwelling on His matchless love,
Swayed with power of that salvation,
Silence fills the courts above.

Then, their richest thoughts unfolding,
Each to each, with joy divine
Heavenly converse blissful holding,
Tells how bright His glories shine.

Some on God's high glories dwelling,
Brightly beaming in His face;
Some His first-born greatness telling—
Ordering all things in their place:

These—of Godhead's counsels deep
Him th' Accomplisher proclaim;
These—how Jesus' self could weep,
Of Godhead's love the Witness came.

All on love surpassing rest,
That clothed in flesh the great I AM;
Till, from one heart, divinely prest,
Bursts forth at length the loud exclaim—

"Praise the Lamb!" At once awaking,
The gathered hosts their voices throng;
Loud and wide—each tongue partaking—
Rolls renewed the endless song.

Grateful incense this, ascending,
Rises to the Father's throne;
Every knee to Christ is bending;
All the mind in heaven is one.

All the Father's counsels claiming
Equal honours to the Son ;
All the Son's effulgence beaming—
Glory of His Father's throne.

By the Spirit all-pervading,
Radiant hosts unnumber'd round,
Breathing glory never-fading,
Echo back the blissful sound.

Joyful now the wide creation
Rests in undisturbed repose ;
Blest in Jesus' full salvation,
Sorrow now nor thraldom knows.

Rich the streams of bounty flowing—
Common blessings from above,
Life and holy joy, bestowing—
Tell of God's unwearied love.

Hark ! the heavenly notes again !
Loudly swells the air-borne praise ;
Throughout creation's vault, " Amen ! "
" Amen ! " responsive joy doth raise.

GOD IN THE WILDERNESS

[1837]

RISE, my soul, thy God directs thee ;
Stranger hands no more impede ;
Pass thou on, His hand protects thee—
Strength that has the captive freed.

Is the wilderness before thee—
Desert lands where drought abides ?
Heavenly springs shall there restore thee,
Fresh from God's exhaustless tides.

Light divine surrounds thy going,
God Himself shall mark thy way ;
Secret blessings, richly flowing,
Lead to everlasting day.

God, thine everlasting portion,
Feeds thee with the mighty's meat ;
Price of Egypt's hard extortion,
Egypt's food no more to eat.

Art thou weaned from Egypt's pleasures ?
God in secret thee shall keep,
There unfold His hidden treasures,
There His love's exhaustless deep.

In the desert God will teach thee
What the God that thou hast found—
Patient, gracious, powerful, holy ;
All His grace shall there abound.

On to Canaan's rest still wending,
E'en thy wants and woes shall bring
Suited grace from high descending ;
Thou shalt taste of mercy's spring.

Though thy way be long and dreary,
Eagle strength He'll still renew ;
Garments fresh and foot unweary
Tell how God hath brought thee through.

When to Canaan's long-loved dwelling
Love divine thy foot shall bring,
There, with shouts of triumph swelling,
Zion's songs in rest to sing,

There no stranger-God shall meet thee—
Stranger thou in courts above—
He, who to His rest shall greet thee,
Greets thee with a well-known love.

THE SAINTS' REST

[1845]

REST of the saints above,
Jerusalem of God!
Who, in thy palaces of love,
Thy golden streets have trod

To me thy joy to tell?
Those courts secure from ill,
Where God Himself vouchsafes to dwell
And every bosom fill!

Who shall to me that joy
Of saint-thronged courts declare—
Tell of that constant, sweet employ
My spirit longs to share?

That rest, secure from ill,
No cloud of grief e'er stains;
Unfailing praise each heart doth fill,
And love eternal reigns.

The Lamb is there, my soul!
  There God Himself doth rest
In love divine diffused through all,
  With Him supremely blest.

God and the Lamb! 'Tis well
  I know that source divine
Of joy and love no tongue can tell,
  Yet know that all is mine.

And see, the Spirit's power
  Has ope'd the heavenly door,
Has brought me to that favoured hour
  When toil shall all be o'er.

There on the hidden Bread
  Of Christ once humbled here—
God's treasured store—for ever fed,
  His love my soul shall cheer.

Called by that secret name
  Of undisclosed delight
(Blest answer to reproach and shame),
  Graved on the stone of white.

There in effulgence bright,
Saviour and Guide, with Thee
I'll walk, and in Thy heavenly light
Whiter my robe shall be.

There in th' unsullied way
Which His own hand hath dressed
My feet press on, where brightest day
Shines forth on all the rest.[1]

But who that glorious blaze
Of living light shall tell,
Where all His brightness God displays,
And the Lamb's glories dwell?

There only to adore,
My soul its strength may find—
Its life, its joy for evermore,
By sight nor sense defined.

God and the Lamb shall there
The light and temple be,
And radiant hosts for ever share
The unveiled mystery!

[1] That is, the saints' rest.

UNCHANGING LOVE

[1845]

O LORD, Thy love's unbounded,
So sweet, so full, so free;
My soul is all transported
Whene'er I think of Thee!

Yet Lord, alas! what weakness
Within myself I find;
No infant's changing pleasure
Is like my wandering mind.

And yet Thy love's unchanging,
And doth recall my heart
To joy in all its brightness,
The peace its beams impart.

Yet sure, if in Thy presence
My soul still constant were,
Mine eye would, more familiar,
Its brighter glories bear;

And thus Thy deep perfections
Much better should I know,
And with adoring fervour
In this Thy nature grow.

Still sweet 'tis to discover,
If clouds have dimmed my sight,
When passed, eternal Lover,
Towards me, as e'er, Thou'rt bright.

Oh guard my soul, then, Jesus,
Abiding still with Thee;
And, if I wander, teach me
Soon back to Thee to flee;

That all Thy gracious favour
May to my soul be known,
And, versed in this Thy goodness,
My hopes Thyself shalt crown.

A SONG FOR THE WILDERNESS

[1849]

THIS world is a wilderness wide ;
I have nothing to seek nor to choose ;
I've no thought in the waste to abide ;
I've nought to regret nor to lose.

The Lord is Himself gone before ;
He has marked out the path that I tread ;
It's as sure as the love I adore ;
I have nothing to fear nor to dread.

There is but that one in the waste,
Which His footsteps have marked as His own ;
And I follow in diligent haste
To the seats where He's put on His crown.

For the path where my Saviour is gone
Has led up to His Father and God,
To the place where He's now on the throne ;
And His strength shall be mine on the road.

And with Him shall my rest be on high,
When in holiness bright I sit down,
In the joy of His love ever nigh,
In the peace that His presence shall crown.

'Tis the treasure I've found in His love
That has made me a pilgrim below ;
And 'tis there, when I reach Him above,
As I'm known, all His fulness I'll know.

And, Saviour ! 'tis Thee from on high
I await till the time Thou shalt come,
To take him Thou hast led by Thine eye
To Thyself in Thy heavenly home.

Till then, 'tis the path Thou hast trod
My delight and my comfort shall be ;
I'm content with Thy staff and Thy rod,
Till with Thee all Thy glory I see.

PATIENCE OF HOPE

[1856]

O JESUS, precious Saviour,
Oh, when wilt Thou return?
Our hearts, with woe familiar,
To Thee our Master turn.

Our woe is Thine, Lord Jesus;
Our joy is in Thy love;
But woe and joy all lead us
To Thee in heaven above.

We ponder the long story
Of this world's mournful ways;
We think on holy glory,
With Thee, through endless days.

We see God's gracious order
All spoiled by man below—
See all around disorder,
Meek hearts beset with woe.

Where'er we ope the pages,
In which—Thy wondrous word—
Man's path through varied ages
Is given us to record,

Of failure, ruin, sorrow,
The story still we find ;
God's love but brings the morrow
Of evil in mankind.

To Thee we look, Lord Jesus,
To Thee whose love we know ;
We wait the power that frees us
From bondage, sin and woe.

We look for Thine appearing,
Thy presence here to bless ;
We greet the day that's nearing,
When all this woe shall cease.

But oh, for us, blest Saviour,
How brighter far the lot,
With Thee to be for ever,
Where evil enters not !

To see Thee, who'st so loved us,
  Then face to face above,
Whose grace at first had moved us
  To taste and know Thy love!

With Thee, O Lord, for ever,
  Our souls shall be content;
Nor act, nor thought, shall ever
  Full joy with Thee prevent.

Thy Father's perfect favour
  Our dwelling-place shall be;
And all His glory ever
  Shine forth on us and Thee.

Oh, come then soon, Lord Jesus;
  In patience still we wait,
Await the power that frees us—
  Our longed-for heavenly seat!

THE UPWARD WAY

[1856]

SING without ceasing, sing
The Saviour's present grace;
How all things shine
In light divine
For those who've seen His face.

He's gone within the veil,
For us that place He's won;
In Him we stand,
A heavenly band,
Where He Himself is gone.

There all's unsullied light;
My heart lets in its rays,
And heavenly light
Makes all things bright,
Seen in that blissful gaze.

Such here on earth I am,
Though I in weakness roam;
My place on high,
God's Self so nigh,
His presence is my home.

My heart is filled with bliss—
Heaven's own eternal joys ;
  My soul at rest,
  Of peace possessed,
That world its strength employs.

Thus, in divine delight
Of love so richly known,
  God's works below
  With beauty glow ;
His hand, His grace, I own.

And stayed by joy divine,
As hireling fills his day,
  Through scenes of strife
  And desert life
I tread in peace my way.

" All is a vain show around us ; but that which is inside abides. When the heart gets hold of this fact, it becomes like one taken into the house to work for the day ; performs the duties well, but passes through, instead of living in the circumstances. . . . The Lord keep us going on in simplicity, *fulfilling as a hireling our day*, till Christ shall come, and *then* shall every man have praise of God."—J.N.D.

That way is upward still,
Where life and glory are ;
  My rest's above,
  In perfect love
The glory I shall share—

For ever with the Lord,
For ever like Him then—
  And see His face
  In that blest place,
My Father's house in heaven.

HOME

[1867]

OH ! bright and blessed scenes,
Where sin shall never come ;
Whose sight my longing spirit weans
From earth, where yet I roam.

And can I call my home
My Father's house on high ?
The rest of God, my rest to come,
My place of liberty ?

Yes ! In that light unstained
My stainless soul shall live ;
My heart's deep longings more than gained,
When God His rest shall give.

His presence there, my soul
Its rest, its joy untold,
Shall find, when endless ages roll
And time shall ne'er grow old.

My God the centre is ;
  His presence fills that land ;
And countless myriads, own'd as His,
  Round Him adoring stand.

My God whom I have known,
  Well known in Jesus' love,
Rests in the blessing of His own
  Before Himself above.

Glory supreme is there,
  Glory that shines through all ;
More precious still that love to share
  As those that love did call.

Like Jesus in that place
  Of light and love supreme ;
Once Man of sorrows, full of grace ;
  Heaven's blest and endless theme.

Like Him ! O grace supreme !
  Like Him before Thy face !
Like Him—to know that glory beam
  Unhindered, face to face !

O love, supreme and bright,
  Good to the feeblest heart,
That gives me now, as heavenly light,
  What soon shall be my part!

Be not to me, my God,
  As one that turned aside
To tarry for a night, and trod
  His onward path. Abide

With me as light divine,
  That brings into my breast
Those gladdening scenes e'en now as mine,
  Soon my eternal rest.

THE MAN OF SORROWS

[1867]

O EVER homeless Stranger,
Thus, dearest Friend to me;
An outcast in a manger,
That Thou might'st with us be!

How rightly rose the praises
Of heaven that wondrous night,
When shepherds hid their faces
In brightest angel-light!

More just those acclamations,
Than when the glorious band
Chanted earth's deep foundations,
Just laid by God's right hand.

Come now, and view that manger—
The Lord of glory see,
A houseless, homeless Stranger
In this poor world for thee—

To God, in the highest, glory,
And peace on earth to find ;
And learn that wondrous story,
Good pleasure in mankind.

How blessed those heavenly spirits,
Who joy increasing find,
That spite of our demerits
God's pleasure's in mankind ;

And chant the highest glory
Of Him they praise above,
In telling out the story
Of God come down in love !

Oh, strange yet fit beginning
Of all that life of woe,
In which Thy grace was winning
Poor man his God to know !

Bless'd Babe ! who lowly liest
In manger-cradle there ;
Descended from the highest,
Our sorrows all to share.

Oh, suited now in nature
For Love's divinest ways,
To make the fallen creature
The vessel of Thy praise!

O Love, all thought surpassing!
That Thou should'st with us be,
Nor yet in triumph passing,
But human infancy!

We cling to Thee in weakness—
The manger and the cross;
We gaze upon Thy meekness,
Through suffering, pain, and loss;

There see the Godhead glory
Shine through that human veil,
And, willing, hear the story
Of Love that's come to heal.

My soul in secret follows
The footsteps of His love;
I trace the Man of sorrows,
His boundless grace to prove.

A child in growth and stature,
Yet full of wisdom rare ;
Sonship, in conscious nature,
His words and ways declare.

Yet still in meek submission
His patient path He trod,
To wait His heavenly mission,
Unknown to all but God.

But who, Thy path of service,
Thy steps removed from ill,
Thy patient love to serve us,
With human tongue can tell ?

Midst sin and all corruption,
Where hatred did abound,
Thy path of true perfection
Was light on all around.

In scorn, neglect, reviling,
Thy patient grace stood fast ;
Man's malice unavailing
To move Thy heart to haste.

O'er all, Thy perfect goodness
Rose blessedly divine ;
Poor hearts oppressed with sadness
Found ever rest in Thine.

The strong man in his armour
Thou mettest in Thy grace,
Did'st spoil the mighty charmer
Of our unhappy race.

The chains of man, his victim,
Were loosened by Thy hand ;
No evils that afflict him
Before Thy power could stand.

Disease, and death, and demon,
All fled before Thy word,
As darkness the dominion
Of day's returning lord !

The love that bore our burden
On the accursèd tree,
Would give the heart its pardon,
And set the sinner free !

Love, that made Thee a mourner
In this sad world of woe,
Made wretched man a scorner
Of grace—that brought Thee low.

Still in Thee love's sweet savour
Shone forth in every deed,
And showed God's loving favour
To every soul in need.

. . . .

I pause :—for in Thy vision
The day is hastening now,
When for our lost condition
Thy holy head shall bow ;

When, deep to deep still calling,
The waters reach Thy soul,
And—death and wrath appalling—
Their waves shall o'er Thee roll.

"For Him, death was death. Man's utter weakness, Satan's extreme power, and God's just vengeance—and alone, without one sympathy, forsaken of those whom He had cherished—the rest, His enemies—Messiah delivered to Gentiles and cast down, the judge washing his hands of condemning innocence, the priests interceding against the guiltless instead of for the guilty—all dark, without one ray of light even from God.—J.N.D.

O day of mightiest sorrow,
Day of unfathomed grief!
When Thou should'st taste the horror
Of wrath without relief.

O day of man's dishonour!
When, for Thy love supreme,
He sought to mar Thine honour,
Thy glory turn to shame.

O day of our confusion!
When Satan's darkness lay,
In hatred and delusion,
On ruined nature's way.

Thou soughtest for compassion—
Some heart Thy grief to know,
To watch Thine hour of passion—
For comforters in woe.

No eye was found to pity,
No heart to bear Thy woe;
But shame, and scorn, and spitting—
None cared Thy name to know.

The pride of careless greatness
Could wash its hands of Thee ;
Priests, that should plead for weakness,
Must Thine accusers be !

Man's boasting love disowns Thee ;
Thine own Thy danger flee ;
A Judas only owns Thee
That Thou may'st captive be.

O man ! How hast thou provèd
What in thy heart is found ;
By grace divine unmovèd,
By self in fetters bound.

Yet with all grief acquainted,
The Man of sorrows view,
Unmoved—by ill untainted—
The path of grace pursue.

In death, obedience yielding
To God His Father's will,
Love still its power is wielding
To meet all human ill.

On him who had disowned Thee
Thine eye could look in love—
'Midst threats and taunts around Thee—
To tears of grace to move.

What words of love and mercy
Flow from those lips of grace,
For followers that desert Thee,
For sinners in disgrace!

The robber learned beside Thee,
Upon the cross of shame—
While taunts and jeers deride Thee—
The savour of Thy name.

Then, finished all, in meekness
Thou to Thy Father's hand
(Perfect Thy strength in weakness)
Thy spirit dost commend.

O Lord! Thy wondrous story
My inmost soul doth move;
I ponder o'er Thy glory—
Thy lonely path of love!

But, O divine Sojourner
'Midst man's unfathomed ill,
Love, that made Thee a mourner,
It is not man's to tell!

We worship, when we see Thee
In all Thy sorrowing path;
We long soon to be with Thee
Who bore for us the wrath.

Come then, expected Saviour;
Thou Man of sorrows, come!
Almighty, blest Deliverer!
And take us to Thee—home.

THE TREE OF LIFE

[1870]

SOON we taste the endless sweetness
Of the Tree of life above;
Taste its own eternal meetness
For the heavenly land we love.

In eternal counsels founded,
Perfect now in fruit divine;
When the last blest trump has sounded,
Fruit of God for ever mine!

Fresh and ever new are hanging
Fruits of life on that blest Tree;
There is stilled each earnest longing,
Satisfied my soul shall be.

Safety, where no foe approaches;
Rest, where toil shall be no more;
Joy, whereon no grief encroaches;
Peace, where strife shall all be o'er—

"Holiness and love and joy characterize the land. They are the fruits which grow there spontaneously, as are the thanksgivings that arise in the hearts of those who are there through redeeming power."—J.N.D.

Various fruits of richest flavour
Offers still the Tree divine;
One itself, the same for ever,
All its various fruits are mine.

Where deceiver ne'er can enter,
Sin-soiled feet have never trod,
Free, our peaceful feet may venture
In the paradise of God;

Drink of life's perennial river,
Feed on life's perennial food,
Christ, the fruit of life, and Giver—
Safe through His redeeming blood.

Object of eternal pleasure,
Perfect in Thy work divine!
Lord of glory! Without measure,
Worship, joy, and praise are Thine!

But, my soul, hast thou not tasted
Of that Tree of life on high?
As through desert lands thou'st hasted,
Eshcol's grapes been never nigh?

Ah ! that Tree of life was planted,
Rooted deep in love divine,
Ere the sons of God had chanted
Worlds where creature glories shine.

Love divine without a measure
Godhead glory must reveal ;
In the Object of its pleasure
All its ways of grace must seal.

As a tender sucker, rising
From a dry and stony land,
Object of man's proud despising,
Grew the Plant of God's right hand.

Grace and truth, in love unceasing,
Rivers on the thirsty ground—
Every step to God well pleasing—
Spread their heavenly savour round.

He the Father's Self revealing—
Heavenly words none else could tell,
Words of grace, each sorrow healing,
On the ear of sorrow fell.

Yes ! that Tree of life is planted ;
  Sweetest fruit e'en here has borne ;
To its own rich soil transplanted,
  Waits alone the eternal morn—

Fruits that our own souls have tasted
  By the Spirit from above,
While through desert lands we've hasted,
  Fruits of perfect, endless love !

THE HOPE OF DAY

[1872]

AND is it so, I shall be like Thy Son,
Is this the grace which He for me has won?
Father of glory! Thought beyond all thought,
In glory to His own blest likeness brought!

O Jesus, Lord, who loved me like to Thee?
Fruit of Thy work! With Thee, too, there to see
Thy glory, Lord, while endless ages roll,
Myself the prize and travail of Thy soul.

Yet it must be! Thy love had not its rest
Were Thy redeemed not with Thee fully blest—
That love that gives not as the world, but shares
All it possesses with its loved co-heirs!

Nor I alone ; Thy loved ones all, complete,
In glory around Thee with joy shall meet ;
All like Thee, for Thy glory like Thee, Lord !
Object supreme of all, by all adored !

And yet it must be so ! A perfect state,
To meet Christ's perfect love—what we await ;
The Spirit's hopes, desires, in us inwrought,
Our present joy—with living blessings fraught.

The heart is satisfied, can ask no more ;
All thought of self is now for ever o'er ;
Christ, its unmingled Object, fills the heart
In blest adoring love—its endless part.

Father of mercies, in Thy presence bright
All this shall be unfolded in the light ;
Thy children, all, with joy Thy counsels know
Fulfilled ; patient in hope while here below.

SONS

[1879]

FATHER, Thy name our souls would bless
As children taught by grace,
Lift up our hearts in righteousness
And joy before Thy face.

Sweet is the confidence Thou giv'st,
Though high above our praise;
Our hearts resort to where Thou liv'st
In heaven's unclouded rays.

There in the purpose of Thy love
Our place is now prepared,
As sons with Him who is above,
Who all our sorrows shared.

Eternal ages shall declare
The riches of Thy grace,
To those who with Thy Son shall share
A son's eternal place.

Absent as yet, we rest in hope,
Treading the desert path,
Waiting for Him who takes us up
Beyond the power of death.

Unchanging glory fills the place
Where Jesus dwells on high ;
But brighter joy our spirits trace
With Him, for ever nigh !

We joy in Thee ; Thy holy love
Our endless portion is—
Like Thine own Son, with Him above,
In brightest heavenly bliss.

His Father Thou, and ours thro' grace,
We taste the same delight—
Blest in the brightness of Thy face,
In heaven's unclouded light.

Father ! Thy love my portion is,
As son, like Christ, with Thee ;
Oh, who can tell of love like this,
So sov'reign, full, and free !

O Holy Father, keep us here
In that blest name of Love,
Walking before Thee without fear,
Till all be joy above.

ECHO OF SONGS IN THE NIGHT

[1879]

To live of Thee—blest source of deepest joy!
To hear e'en now by faith Thy voice of love—
Thou living spring of bliss without alloy,
Bright inlet to the light of heaven above!

Come, fill my soul! Thy light is ever pure,
And brings from heaven what Thou alone canst give,
Yea, brings Thyself, the revelation sure
Of heaven's eternal bliss; in Thee we live.

I hail Thee, Lord! Of Thee my song shall speak—
Poor and unworthy strains, yet still of Thee;
Yes, fill my soul! 'tis this my heart doth seek—
To dwell in love, and God my dwelling be.

Thou'st made the Father known ; Him have we seen
In Thy blest Person—infinite delight !
Yes, it suffices : though we here but glean
Some foretaste of His love, till all be light.

O, dwell with me ; let no distracting thought
Intrude to hide from me that heavenly light.
Be Thou my strength ! Let not what Thou hast brought
Be chased by idle nature's poor delight.

Father, Thou lov'st me. Favour, all divine,
Rests on my soul, a cloudless favour! There
Thy face shines on me, as it still doth shine
On Thy blest Son ! His image I shall bear !

But now, e'en now, Thy love can fill my soul—
That love that soars beyond all creature thought—
In spirit bring where endless praises roll,
And fill my longing heart till there I'm brought.

Thee will I hail, O Lord, in whose blest face
God's glory shines unveiled! Thee will I praise,
Whose love has brought me nigh in righteous grace,
And soon wilt come, eternal songs to raise!

. . . . .

And oh! how deep the peace, when, nature gone,
Thy Spirit fills the soul, strengthened with might,
With love divine; and God as Love is known!
Lord, keep my soul, and guide my steps aright.

. . . . .

Praise be for ever His who giveth songs by night!

REST

[1879]

THERE is rest for the weary soul,
There is rest in the Saviour's love;
There is rest in the grace that has made me whole—
That seeks out those that rove.

There is rest in the tender love
That has trodden our path below;
That has given us a place in the realms above,
But can all our sorrows know.

There is rest in the calming grace
That flows from those realms above;
What rest in the thought—we shall see His face,
Who has given us to know His love!

There is rest in the midst of grief,
For grief's been the proof of love;
'Tis sweet in that love to find relief,
When the sorrows of earth we prove.

REST

There is rest in the Saviour's heart
Who never turned sorrow away,
But has found, in what sin had made our part,
The place of His love's display.

There is rest in the blessed yoke
That knows no will but His;
That learns, from His path and the words He spoke,
What that loving patience is.

Where He too has gone before,
Is the path which we have to tread;
And it leads to the rest where sorrow's o'er—
To the place where His steps have led.

"In this world of sin and misery Christ necessarily suffered—suffered also because of righteousness, and *because of His love.* Morally, this feeling of sorrow is the necessary consequence of possessing a moral nature totally opposed to everything that is in the world. *Love*, holiness, veneration for God, love for man—everything *is essential suffering here* below."
J.N.D.

FULNESS OF JOY

[1879]

OH, bright and blessed hope!
When shall it be
That we His face, long loved,
Revealed shall see?

Oh! when, without a cloud,
His features trace,
Whose faithful love so long
We've known in grace;

That love itself enjoy,
Which, ever true,
Did in our feeble path
Its work pursue?

O Jesus, not unknown,
Thy love shall fill
The heart in which Thou dwell'st,
And shalt dwell still.

Still, Lord, to see Thy face,
  Thy voice to hear;
To know Thy present love
  For ever near;

To gaze upon Thyself,
  So faithful known,
Long proved in secret help
  With Thee alone;

To see that love, content,
  On me flow forth,
For ever Thy delight,
  Clothed with Thy worth!

O Lord, 'twas sweet the thought
  That Thou wast mine;
But brighter still the joy
  That I am Thine!

Thine own, O Lord, the fruit,
  The cherished fruit,
Of Thine all perfect love!
  No passing root

Of evil e'er will dim
  Thy cloudless rays ;
But a full heart pour forth
  Thine endless praise !

Nor what is next Thy heart
  Can we forget—
Thy saints, O Lord, with Thee
  In glory met,

(Perfect in comeliness
  Before Thy face—
Th' eternal witness all
  Of Thine own grace),

Together then their songs
  Of endless praise,
With one harmonious voice,
  In joy shall raise !

O joy supreme and full,
  Where sunless day
Sheds forth, with light divine,
  Its cloudless ray !

THE FATHER'S LOVE

[1879]

BLEST FATHER, infinite in grace,
Source of eternal joy;
Thou lead'st our hearts to that blest place
Where rest's without alloy.

There will Thy love find perfect rest,
Where all around is bliss;
Where, all in Thee supremely blest,
Thy praise their service is!

Eternal love their portion is,
Where love has found its rest;
And, filled with Thee, the constant mind
Eternally is blest.

There Christ, the centre of the throng,
Shall in His glory shine;
But not an eye those hosts among
But sees that glory Thine.

Thy counsels too in all Thine own,
Fulfilled by power divine,
Spread wide the glory of Thy throne,
Where all in glory shine.

Yet deeper, if a calmer, joy
The Father's love shall raise,
And every heart find sweet employ
In His eternal praise!

Nor is its sweetness now unknown—
Well proved in what it's done;
Our Father's love with joy we own,
Revealed in Christ the Son!

THE FATHER'S GRACE

[1879]

FATHER, in Thine eternal power,
Thy grace and majesty divine,
No soul, in this weak mortal hour,
Can grasp the glory that is Thine!

E'en in its thoughts of sovereign grace
It leaves us all far, far behind;
The love that gives with Christ a place
Surpasses our poor feeble mind.

And yet that love is not unknown
To those who have the Saviour seen;
Nor strange to those He calls His own—
Pilgrims in scenes where He has been.

In Him Thy perfect love, revealed,
Has led our hearts that love to trace
Where nothing of that love's concealed,
But meets us in our lowly place.

But grace, the source of all our hope,
From Thine eternal nature flows ;
Could to our lost condition stoop,
And now through Christ no hindrance knows ;

Has flowed in fullest streams below,
And opened to our hearts the place
Where, in its ripened fruits, we'll know
The eternal blessings of that grace.

And here we walk, as sons through grace,
A Father's love our present joy ;
Sons, in the brightness of Thy face,
Find rest no sorrows can destroy.

Nor is the comfort of Thy love,
In which we " Abba, Father " cry,
The only blessing that we prove :
Because that love is ever nigh,

A holy Father's constant care
Keeps watch, with an unwearying eye,
To see what fruits His children bear,
Fruits that may suit their calling high ;

Takes ever knowledge of our state—
What dims communion with His love,
Might check our growth or separate
Our hearts from what's revealed above.

Oh, wondrous Love, that ne'er forgets
The object of its tender care ;
May chasten still, while sin besets,
To warn and guard them where they are ;

But ne'er forgets, but feeds them still
With tokens of His tender love ;
Will keep till, freed from every ill,
They find their rest with Him above.

Oh, wondrous, infinite, divine !
Keep near, my soul, to that blest place,
Where all those heavenly glories shine
Which suit the brightness of His face.

Oh, lowliness, how feebly known,
That meets the grace that gave the Son !
That waits, to serve Him as His own,
Till grace what grace began shall crown !

WAITING FOR THE GLORY

[1879]

I'm waiting for the glory ;
  Are your thoughts with me too ?
It is the old, old story,
  But all most sweetly true.

I'm waiting for the glory ;
  Jesus Himself is there ;
He's gone on high before me—
  Calls me with Him to share.

Jesus, the Lord, did love us—
  Will love us to the end,
And lifts our hearts above us,
  To love that will not end.

For the day is nearing, nearing,
  When we shall see His face ;
Each step the way endearing,
  Which leads to that blest place.

For Jesus comes with power
To change these bodies vile,
Or raise them in that hour
From where they rest awhile.

Then shall His soul's deep travail
Find its love-fraught reward;
Nor joy nor promise shall fail—
With Him, like Him, their Lord!

But who's this all-glorious Lord,
To whom each knee doth bow?
The Sorrower, once abhorred!
The Lord in His glory now!

Art waiting for the glory?
Thy thoughts go with me too!
Yes, 'tis the old, old story,
But all most sweetly true!

LOVE DIVINE

[1880]

FATHER, Thy sovereign love has sought
Captives to sin, gone far from Thee;
The work that Thine own Son hath wrought
Has brought us back in peace and free.

And now, as sons before Thy face,
With joyful steps the path we tread,
Which leads us on to that blest place
Prepared for us by Christ, our Head.

Thou gav'st us, in eternal love,
To Him to bring us home to Thee,
Suited to Thine own thoughts above,
As sons, like Him, with Him to be

In Thine own house. There Love divine
Fills the bright courts with cloudless joy;
But 'tis the love that made us Thine
Fills all that house without alloy.

LOVE DIVINE

Oh, boundless grace! What fills with joy
Unmingled all that enter there,
God's nature, Love without alloy,
Our hearts are given e'en now to share.

God's righteousness with glory bright,
Which with its radiance fills that sphere—
E'en Christ, of God the power and light—
Our title is that light to share.

O Mind divine! so must it be,
That glory all belongs to God.
O Love divine! that did decree
We should be part, through Jesus' blood.

Oh, keep us, Love divine, near Thee,
That we our nothingness may know;
And ever to Thy glory be—
Walking in faith while here below.

HOPE

[1881]

AND shall we see Thy face,
And hear Thy heavenly voice,
Well known to us in present grace!
Well may our hearts rejoice.

With Thee in garments white,
O Jesus, we shall walk;
And, spotless in that heavenly light,
Of all Thy sufferings talk.

Close to Thy trusted side,
In fellowship divine,
No cloud, no distance, e'er shall hide
Glories that there shall shine.

Fruit of Thy boundless love
That gave Thyself for us—
For ever we shall with Thee prove
That Thou still lov'st us thus.

And we love Thee, blest Lord,
E'en now, though feeble here;
Thy sorrows and Thy cross record
What makes us know Thee near.

We wait to see Thee, Lord!
Yet now within our hearts
Thou dwell'st in love, that doth afford
The joy *that* love imparts.

Yet still we wait for Thee,
To see Thee as Thou art,
Be with Thee, like Thee, Lord, and free
To love with all our heart.

UNFOLDINGS

[1881]

O LORD, Thy glory we behold,
Though not with mortal eyes ;
That glory, on the Father's throne,
No human sight descries.

But though the world can see no more
Him it cast out with scorn,
The eye of fresh-born faith can soar
Above—where He is gone.

'Tis not for human eye to see
Nor human ear to hear,
Nor heart conceive what it may be,
Or bring the prospect near ;

But God in love has freely given
His Spirit, who reveals
All He's prepared for those, in heaven,
Whom here on earth He seals.

'Tis thence, now Christ is gone on high,
Redemption's work complete,
The Spirit brings His glory nigh
To those who for Him wait.

Blest gift! As sons we look above
And see the Saviour there;
And, fruit of God's now well-known love,
We shall His glory share.

God has been glorified in Man;
Man sits at God's right hand—
Obedient in the race He ran,
Can now all power command.

In lowliness on earth, as Son,
The Father He made known;
And now in heaven, His work all done,
He sits upon His throne.

And we our great Fore-runner see
In His own glory there;
Yet not ashamed—with such as we,
As First-born, all to share.

For we as sons through grace are owned,
And "Abba, Father," cry;
Heirs too, so rich did grace abound,
Joint-heirs with Him on high.

The Father's love, the source of all,
Sweeter than all it gives,
Shines on us now without recall,
And lasts while Jesus lives.

The new creation's stainless joy
Gleams through the present gloom,
That world of bliss without alloy,
The saint's eternal home!

LOVE DISPLAYED

[1881]

We'll praise Thee, glorious Lord,
Who died to set us free;
No earthly songs can joy afford
Like heavenly melody!

Love that no suffering stayed
We'll praise—true Love divine;
Love that for us atonement made;
Love that has made us Thine.

Love in Thy lonely life
Of sorrow here below;
Thy words of grace, with mercy rife,
Make grateful praises flow!

Love that on death's dark vale
Its sweetest odours spread,
Where sin o'er all seemed to prevail
Redemption glory shed.

And now we see Thee risen,
  Who once for us hast died,
Seated above the highest heaven,
  The Father's Glorified.

Soon wilt Thou take Thy throne,
  Thy foes Thy footstool made,
And take us with Thee for Thine own—
  In glory love displayed!

Jesus, we wait for Thee,
  With Thee to have our part;
What can full joy and blessing be
  But being where Thou art!

THE SOUL'S DESIRE

[1881]

I'm waiting for Thee, Lord,
Thyself then to see, Lord;
I'm waiting for Thee,
At Thy coming again.
Thy glory'll be great, Lord,
In heavenly state, Lord;
Thy glory'll be great
At Thy coming again.

Caught up in the air, Lord,
That glory we'll share, Lord;
Each saint will be there,
At Thy coming again.
How glorious the grace, Lord,
That gave such a place, Lord;
It's nearing apace,
At Thy coming again.

We'll sit on Thy throne, Lord,
Confessed as Thine own, Lord,
Of all to be known
At Thy coming again ;
But glory on high, Lord,
Is not like being nigh, Lord,
When all is gone by,
At Thy coming again.

The traits of that face, Lord,
Once marred through Thy grace, Lord,
Our joy'll be to trace
At Thy coming again ;
With Thee evermore, Lord,
Our hearts will adore, Lord,
Our sorrow'll be o'er
At Thy coming again.

But, better than all, Lord,
To rise at Thy call, Lord,
Adoring to fall,
At Thy coming again ;
With Thee, clothed in white, Lord,
To walk in the light, Lord,
Where all will be bright
At Thy coming again.

For ever with Thee, Lord,
And like Thee to be, Lord,
For ever with Thee,
At Thy coming again ;
I'll live in Thy grace, Lord,
I'll gaze on Thy face, Lord,
When finished my race,
At Thy coming again.

I'll talk of Thy love, Lord,
With Thee there above, Lord,
Thy goodness still prove,
At Thy coming again.

A CHILD'S ENQUIRY

JESUS, canst Thou receive
A feeble child like me?
My little heart can scarce believe
That I may come to Thee!

With children I can go,
And all I think can say;
With those I've often seen and know
I do not fear to stay.

But Lord of heaven art Thou,
And dwell'st far off on high!
Though at Thy Name I'm taught to bow,
Can I to Thee draw nigh?

That Name is far above
My thoughts, howe'er I try;
How can I know Thou dost me love,
Now fear before Thine eye?

THE ROAD

It is not with uncertain step
That we tread our homeless way;
A well-known Voice has called us up
To everlasting day.

The voice of Him who, whilom,[1] trod
Alone the trackless way,
(And marked the road that leads to God),
Where we once, as lost, did stray;

Nor leaves us now alone to trace
Our path across the waste,
But leads us still with living grace
To the home to which we haste.

See! open stands the heavenly door,
Whence the glory shines below,
To light the path where He's gone before,
And the bliss that awaits us show.

[1] "Whilom" means "formerly—of old."

In patience then we may tread the path,
Marked out by His footsteps here,
Who has freed us from the coming wrath,
Who has freed our hearts from fear ;

May abide His will, for the longer road
Where patience and faith are tried,
And count on a love which bears each load,
And our hearts from trial may hide.

He will still be there, be it long or brief,
Our strength in every need ;
Himself our joy, our sure relief,
Till from care in His presence we're freed.

EXPECTATION

LORD JESUS, source of every grace,
Glorious in light divine,
Soon shall we see Thee face to face,
And in that glory shine;

Be ever with Thee, hear Thy voice,
Unhindered then shall taste
The love which doth our hearts rejoice,
Though absent in this waste.

In peaceful wonder we adore
The thoughts of Love divine,
Which in that world for evermore
Our lot with Thine entwine!

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